

"Thousands of years in the future and men and their testosterone haven't changed a bit," Martha observed, resting her chin on her palm, as she watched a small fight break out between two men across the room, only to be quickly defused by a rather burly bartender nearby.

From what she could glean from the slew of loud insults between the men involved, it was apparently a scrap over some hapless girl. Yes, despite the mixture of humanoids and aliens wandering about and the fact that they were light-years away from Earth, it seemed to Martha that some things change and some things woefully remain the same —

She felt odd that she wasn't particularly surprised at the revelation, though. Maybe it was all the lager she was drinking doing her head in. Or perhaps it was just being with the Doctor.

He *did* have that sort of effect on her.

The Doctor had been the one to take them there, after all. It was a pub on a planet called Lenaïos, a primarily agrarian human colony that supposedly — according to his bombastic boasts earlier — had some of the best alcohol in seven galaxies. Martha had to admit she was surprised he'd know of — or even be interested in — such a place, if she was honest, but with a ginger beer-spiked ale (*an odd choice*, she thought) in his hand and a lopsided smile on his face, he seemed to actually be trying to make up for all the recent 1969 nonsense they'd just been through.

She had to admit it was all a bit sweet, really — even *with* the drunken brawling.

"Oh, Martha. It's all just a not-so-elaborate mating ritual," the Doctor replied, his words slurring ever so slightly as he took another swig of his pint.

"Mating ritual?" she sputtered, amused by such words coming from *him*.

"Yes, mostly a human thing, really. Fighting with one another over a mate. Goes back to when you lot were still in caves, it does. Rather uncivilized, I should think, but somehow the girls seem to go for it a lot of the time."

"Not *this* girl."

"Well, you can't *all* be perfect," he joked, nudging her shoulder with his, as they sat side by side in a booth tucked away in a little alcove of the pub.

"What about Time Lord mating rituals, then? You lot did have sex, didn't you? Or did you just spawn yourselves through some sort of

parthenogenesis?"

"No, I assure you, there was no parthenogenesis involved," he replied with a laugh.

"Well, what was it then? Ask a girl — *or boy* -- out on a date to the intergalactic cinema or whatever? Then stick your hand down their pants at the first opportunity?"

"Martha!"

"What?" she asked, batting her eyelids and trying her best to don an innocent expression.

"Martha, my people were a very old and austere race that took things very seriously, in all matters. It was a life of robes, rituals, regalia, and rot," he said with a flourish.

"So, what did you do, then? Circumambulate around one another, while chanting in tongues and holding incense to woo each other?"

She couldn't help the smile that curled on her lips at the image and did her best to suppress the deluge of giggles threatening to rise within her.

He paused, looking almost thoughtful for a moment, and then shrugged. "Sometimes."

"How very sexy."

"Well, it *could* be. The robes did have their.....advantages."

"Advantages?"

"Hiding things under them, whether it be your own aroused state or your lover underneath them," he replied, giving her an uncharacteristic mischievous wink.

"Ah, yeah. I remember my mate Cheryl told me once about when she had to wear this massive dress, a huge thing with panniers and everything, for a play at University. The lead actor, this bloke called Ashley, would go underneath it between curtain calls and.....use his mouth to, well, you know. Anyway, I always thought that was quite erotic."

"A common fantasy."

"For humans?"

"For many species, I suppose," he replied with a shrug, shifting to mirror her with his chin in his palm, "*Well*, maybe not Ethiriaters or the Aluevians from Ursa Major. I doubt they could even be bothered with such

thoughts."

"So, Time Lords have sexual fantasies then?"

"From time to time."

"About what?"

"Embolismic months."

"Huh?"

"Nothing," he replied, waving her off with his free hand. She could tell from his movements he was getting quite intoxicated and, honestly, something inside her enjoyed that. "Really though, Martha, it's just not *proper conversation*."

"For whom?"

"For a Time Lord."

"And why not?"

"It just.....isn't."

"Are the fantasies that.....*naughty* then?" she asked, nudging his shoulder this time.

"Martha — " "

He was practically whinging now, but she was amused, finding herself even more inquisitive and daring with the alcohol sloshing in her own brain.

"Just curious that's all, you don't have to get all defensive. It's not every day that I can have a drunken conversation with an alien about his sexual fantasies."

"I'm not drunk," he replied, indignantly.

*Oh yes, Martha smiled to herself, yes you are.*

"Of course you aren't, Doctor," she said with soft sarcasm, patting his arm playfully.

He pouted at her. "It's just that if I tell you, it might undermine my position as your.....your....." he paused, trailing off.

She watched his long fingers fluttering before him, moving as if he could possibly pluck the word he needed from the air around them, but her own

thoughts were suddenly more on his fingers themselves — or, more to the point, what they might feel like pushed up inside her.

She felt a thrumming between her legs at the thought, but did her best to push such erotic fancies down. Even if she was in a darkened booth, feeling very aroused, and chatting about things of a sexual nature with the Doctor, she had to remember the reality of their situation, which, sadly, was their eternal tip-toed dance around one another.

Still, despite all that, there was a small nagging voice in her head that wanted to know more — especially in regard to his feelings about her, whatever they might be. Her mother always said that she could ask far too many questions of people, but she was always someone who just *craved* knowledge and, right now, she also craved *him*.

"Your *what*, then?" she asked, raising an eyebrow at him.

"Oh, never mind."

"But now I'm curious, what am I to you? Your student? Your ward?"

She was laughing a bit as she spoke, feeling a bit nervous, but she had to admit she really was curious about it.

"In a matter of speaking, I suppose, maybe," he replied, shifting uncomfortably.

"Then let's pretend we're strangers."

"Martha — "

"No, look, we can pretend that we just met, so we can tell each other secrets without repercussion, yeah? You don't even have to look me in the eye when you tell me, just lean back right there and I won't really see you. Try it. It'll be like a game."

He looked at her for a long moment, as if weighing the situation, and then took a long drink of his pint. He then shifted away from her slightly, slowly leaning himself back into the darkness of the booth, until his nose and mouth were just about all she could make out of him. "How's this?"

"You look like a ghost," Martha replied and heard him intake a sharp breath, his mouth now almost trembling in the half-light. "You all right?"

"I don't know about this..."

"What's your name?"

She watched his lips twitch into a half-smile, half-grimace. "John Smith."

"Nice to meet you. I'm.....Cheryl."

"I knew of a Cheryl once, she had a lot of fun in a dress while doing a play," he said, the smile now slowly widening on his lips, his face relaxing a bit.

Martha had a feeling he might've even winked at her again as well.

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"So, what *does* turn you on, then?" Martha asked, leaning back against the wood of the booth.

She wasn't sure how long they had chatted while playing their 'game,' but she was definitely enjoying 'John Smith's' wit and clever banter as the two of them drank more and more. The sexual part of the conversation had remained mostly hypothetical between them up until that point, mostly skirting around their own personal interests in favour of discourses about the mating habits of various alien species — something he seemed to be quite adept at going on and on about — and, further, the intricacies of the medical aspects involved.

Martha supposed, in the end, her question had been inevitable.

Her inquiring words were only met with an awkward silence, though and, as much as she wanted to know the answer, there was a part of her that reprimanded herself for asking. She knew that despite any ways the intoxication might have loosened him up, the Doctor kept his cards very close to his chest and often got a bit ruffled when she asked too much about him.

She watched as the Doctor began to chew thoughtfully on his bottom lip, his mouth still one of the few parts of him visible to her, and she wondered if she were to stare at it long enough, would his answer somehow come tumbling out?

He tucked his hands into his lap and then leaned further back, pressing himself tightly against the back of the seat, as if trying to get as far back into the darkness as he could, and then with a shuttering sigh, he finally spoke.

"Fail me, disobey me."

His voice was so low and almost impossible to hear over the din of the patrons surround them, that Martha wasn't entirely sure that she'd heard him right.

"Sorry?"

"There was a girl I knew recently who made many mistakes. She was wild, untamed, she'd run off when she was told not to, and then," he paused, his voice was suddenly gravelly as a hint of a dark smile twitched on his lips, "she'd be punished by me. And.....I *liked* that."

Martha couldn't stop the shudder that made its way up through her body, an erotic electric bolt that shot up straight from between her legs. She tried to take in his words, she did, her mind grasping at what he'd said even as it all began to feel more and more strange and muddled and indistinct from her inebriation.

*Punished*, Martha repeated in her head, again and again, dissecting it, pulling it apart. She wanted to understand it. She wanted to understand *him*.

"Do you still know this girl?" she whispered.

"No, she's gone," he replied, his voice still quiet, still steady, as it punctuated the darkness around them, "but there's another girl now."

"And does she make mistakes too?" Martha could feel the hair rising on the nape of her neck as she asked and her lungs began to struggle for breath.

"No, she's always so *perfect*, always doing the right thing, always doing as she's told."

"And you don't want that?" she asked with a gulp, her throat tightening.

"It's complicated."

"I have all night."

"You wouldn't understand."

"Try me."

"Martha — " "

"Cheryl," she corrected.

He blew out a deep breath and Martha watched as his hands moved to grip the edge of the table. "I like chaos. I like chaos, so I have something to fix. I like to fix things, make them right. If there's nothing to fix, then....." he replied, trailing off.

Martha could feel him withdrawing, curling back into his shell, so she jumped to fill the awkward silence, desperately not wanting his walls to come up between them again. "And so, let me get this straight, when

something doesn't go right, you set it to rights or, in some cases, you punish the wrongs? In fact, you *particularly enjoy* doling out that punishment?"

She couldn't help the image of the human John Smith at Farringham — wielding his cane — that popped into her thoughts unbidden. She'd watched him punish the boys at the school many times when she was a maid there such a short time before and she had to admit in all that time that the idea of being the one on the receiving end of said discipline was something she always found both frightening and, much to her surprise, arousing to think about —

Still, despite any fantasies she might have dabbled in on the subject, she never once thought of *the Doctor* doing such things to her — or to anyone else, for that matter.

"Basically. It's more complex than that, but basically, yes, *Cheryl*," he replied, almost curtly, before reaching over to pick up his pint to take a particularly long swig from it.

The silence that now hung between them was almost unbearable. The mood had definitely darkened and Martha, unsure of what to say next, worried that she'd perhaps pushed things too far with him. In fact, she had to admit that she was really very grateful when a barmaid came by to inform them things were about to close down and broke the tension between them.

Still, despite that small reprieve, it felt like a long and excruciatingly quiet walk back to the TARDIS after leaving the pub just a few minutes later.

Martha stumbled into bed once there, feeling admittedly a bit embarrassed by the uncomfortable turn her conversation had taken with the Doctor, but too tired and drunk to really give it too much thought.

Strangely enough though, before she finally dozed off, she could have sworn that she'd felt the Doctor tuck her in and kiss her lightly on the forehead. She might have also even heard him quietly thank her and say, "I needed this."

She could never be sure.

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*One Week Later*

If she were honest, Martha might have never really given another thought to her strange evening with the Doctor a week before. Well, no

thought aside from the occasional fantasy that sent her fingers between her legs in the middle of the night, of course. No, most times she felt it was a bit embarrassing to linger on too many sexual thoughts about the Doctor, especially with him so seemingly out of reach —

But there he was, looking at her with his eyes wild and frenzied, and in them she saw a frightening anger that felt as if it threatened to pull her right into the depths of the darkness held there — like a powerful, dangerous undertow she couldn't fight against.

Daring a closer look though, Martha had also seen his desire.

And then she remembered — *disobey me* — and couldn't deny the sudden rush of arousal that swept through her at the memory.

It had all started innocently enough, of course. While Martha might be able to disobey the Doctor in a fantasy, she was honestly less likely to do so on purpose in *reality*. It just wasn't in her nature after all. Not really.

Still, sometimes even when you mean well, things can all go a bit pear-shaped.

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Just two hours before, he'd held her shoulders tight and spoken sternly to her. "I need you to get back to the TARDIS, quick as you can. Once I'm done with the negotiations with the Kruaul, we'll need to leave the planet immediately. If anything goes wrong, it'll be our heads."

Martha had then been left alone in a heavily wooded area, as the Doctor quickly made his way back toward the tall building in the distance and she, for her own part, began to make her way back to the ship as instructed.

It should have been easy to do as she had been told, just like that, but as she picked her way back through the thick foliage, she heard a whimpering voice that sounded as if it came from someone in trouble.

With her curiosity immediately piqued, she'd made her way toward the sounds instead and, of course, away from the TARDIS. *This was certainly the most important thing she could be doing, yes? Someone needed her help after all.* At least that is what she kept telling herself, as the sounds got louder and more distinct.

She'd soon found herself nearing a small glade and through the trees she could just make out a somewhat small, green humanoid lying in the grass there — the sounds she'd been hearing were obviously coming from him.



He looked like a Kruaul, or at least like the ones she'd just met before they arrived, when she and the Doctor had stopped their migration and hatching in the far side of London and now had to work through subsequent negotiations so that they wouldn't try such a thing again.

She'd surprised herself with her skillful use of archery that day, especially in light of using it against the giant lizard-like thing they'd been spawning there. As a feeling of dread started to descend into her bones, she sorely wished she still had those arrows and bow.

"Hello?" she called out tentatively, as she stepped into the glade, but before the humanoid responded, about four other Kruaul had ambushed her. It had been a trap.

They'd shoved her roughly to the ground, ripping her small purse from her belt (which honestly only held nothing more than a few quid and some hair clips), and pulled her skirt and shirt from her body. She screamed as loud as she could, but it seemed to no avail — she was in the middle of nowhere and no one else was around to hear her cries.

As they tore the clothes from her body, she'd worried she was going to be sexually assaulted, but as she began losing consciousness from a hard blow to her head, she could have sworn she heard them say they'd only wanted her clothes because they were 'pretty.'

She knew she shouldn't have worn her favourite skirt.

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Martha heard a loud tinny whirring and opened her eyes to a bright blue light. It was the Doctor with his sonic screwdriver, pointing it at her, just in front of her face.

"Doctor," she whispered hoarsely, her throat still a bit sore from her screaming earlier.

She lifted her head to look down at herself and then quickly covered herself with her arms, seeing that she'd been left only wearing her bra, underwear, and boots.

"I told you not to run off," he snarled, disappointment in his tone, and anger apparent in his eyes, which she could now see as he turned off his instrument. "Things could have been *much* worse. The Kruaul are vicious scavengers."

"Do I have a concussion?"

"Not anymore," he replied brusquely, pocketing the sonic screwdriver.

"We need to go. *Now*. I'll tend to your wounds on the TARDIS."

He grabbed her by the arm and practically yanked her to her feet. She felt a bit dizzy as she stood, the blood rushing through her body making her sway a bit, but the Doctor didn't hesitate. In fact, quite immediately, he was practically dragging her back toward his ship, the grip on her arm sure to leave a bruise.

He seemed angrier than she'd ever seen him.

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There was a part of Martha that knew she probably should have been a bit afraid of him — afraid of what he was going to do, afraid that he might even take her right back home for this — but instead she found herself excited and wet from the frenzied desire she'd seen in his eyes and the harsh staccato of his words, especially as it drew her thoughts back to their recent night in that pub on Lenaios.

"I told you to go back to the TARDIS immediately. Didn't I make myself clear?" he spat, standing before the TARDIS, his hands practically shaking as he worked his key into the lock.

Martha just stood beside him quietly, unsure of what to do or say, afraid to somehow ruin the moment. He soon managed to get the door open and let her go from his grip, practically shoving her inside before him. She made her way slowly up the ramp — head hung submissively, apologetically — and then paused before the console. Taking in a deep shuddering breath, she knew with a sudden clarity what she needed to do and bent herself over the console before him.

"I'm sorry, I just wanted to help. I didn't know it was a trap," she whispered, placing her hands beside her, gripping onto the console by her hips to steady herself.

Martha was trembling. All she could think of was how unbearably silent the Doctor was — lurking somewhere behind her — and how utterly cold it was in that room in her state of undress. It seemed like forever that she just stood there, waiting, and she closed her eyes against the worry that she might have pushed things too far again. Part of her wanted to move, hide in her room, but there was another part, a stronger, louder part of her, that felt frozen to the spot.

"I don't think you took me very seriously today, Martha," the Doctor whispered near her ear, startling her with his sudden proximity, and causing her eyes to widen. She hadn't even heard his approach.

She took in another deep breath. It was now or never. "Perhaps not. Perhaps I need to be taught a lesson. Perhaps I need to be *punished*."

The last word hung between them, emphasized with a hiss as she spoke, causing him to lightly rut once against her with a soft groan, revealing his own arousal as his hardening cock brushed against her bottom. But just as quickly as he'd pressed against her, he was distant from her again. Detached.

"Traveling in time and space with me is no game, Martha," he added, running a finger down the length of her spine, causing her to shiver. "When I tell you to do things, I expect you to do them. Now, turn around."

Martha slowly turned toward him, looking down to see an open med-kit in his hand, as she was too afraid to look him in the eyes again just yet. He slowly knelt onto the metal grating before her, and she momentarily worried he would catch the scent from her soaked knickers, that she would give away her arousal, but she kept quiet and as still as she could, her grip still tight on the edge of the console.

"It's all for your own good," he added matter-of-factly, dabbing at the cuts on her knees and thighs she'd received from her attack and walking through the brush of the woods in a skirt. She breathed in deeply from the pain as the astringent-laden cotton brushed against her flesh and closed her eyes tightly, trying not to think too much of the Doctor's position between her legs and how he was touching her inner thighs so delicately. "There. All better."

Martha opened her eyes to see him rise and stand before her, finally daring to look at his eyes again. They were still dark, angry, probing, and, to her surprise, they stayed intensely focused on her as he closed the med-kit and tossed it onto the captain's chair nearby.

"Now for that lesson. I can't have you running off again, now can I, Martha?" he asked, this time his expression searching hers for an answer.

"No — " she stammered.

"No, what?" he prompted, eyebrow raised.

"No, Doctor."

"Good girl," he breathed. "Now turn around again and bend over."

Martha turned slowly, leaning forward over the console again, so close that her bare thighs pressed lightly against the lip of it. With her body bent before him, the skin of her chest and stomach soon prickled with gooseflesh as it touched the dials that lay beneath it, dials that seemed to hum and vibrate in a way they hadn't before, as they left little indentations in her flesh, marking her.

She might have otherwise paused to ponder this, of course, as any anomaly was something sure to get her attention, but instead she was immediately distracted, gasping loudly in surprise as she felt a blow fall across her bottom from the flat of the Doctor's hand. She reached out before her in response, grasping at nothingness, moving out of reflex and wanting to grip onto something, anything, to ground her, but unsure of where to rest her hands.

She felt the Doctor's weight suddenly against her again, heavy and wonderful, the buttons of his coat pressing into her back, and then she shivered as his fingers slid lightly along the length of her arms until they pressed her hands delicately downward, maneuvering them to rest at the base of the time rotor.

Martha noted that it was as if he'd sensed her uncertainty as to where to put them, read her body's need for his direction, his dominance. Or maybe he'd simply just worried she'd damage or break something otherwise —

*Either would be very him*, she thought.

Just as quickly as he'd been against her, though — *still very hard, she'd observed* — he was gone again and the absence of him felt as if all the air had been pushed from her lungs. She never thought she'd ache so much for him to touch her again.

"Why did you disobey me?" he asked, his tone even and authoritative.

"Because I'm training to be a doctor and it's my duty to help, Doctor."

She yelped aloud as she felt another slap against her flesh and dug her fingernails into the organic machine before her. She could have sworn she heard the Doctor moan as if she'd touched him instead, but brushed it off quickly as her imagination.

"Your duty is to do as I say when you're with me."

"But I don't cease to be a doctor-in-training when I'm with you, so I'm not sure I agree."

She felt another blow, this one harder, so hard that she almost felt a bit dazed. For a moment, she thought she might even beg him to stop, but really all she wanted was for him to hit her that way again and again. The sting from the slap had resonated on her skin, burning and aching and throbbing deliciously, causing her to get more and more wet and feel more and more alive.

"The rule's in place to keep you out of too much danger, Martha," he said, his voice almost a growl now, resonating through her almost as much as the blows from his hands. She shuddered a bit at his power over her and

then smirked slightly at the power — the effect — *she* had on *him* in return.

"But can't rules be broken?" she asked, tensed and poised as she waited for his inevitable response.

She was surprised, then, when she didn't immediately feel another slap from him. In fact, he'd grown oddly silent instead, even his breathing a strain for her to hear. She wondered what he was thinking, what he was doing — had she actually gone too far this time? Had she played his game wrong?

Martha began to turn in order to see him, but suddenly felt the weight of his hand on her, pressing her tightly against the console, pinning her down. She was surprised at how strong he was, as she struggled for breath under him, his long fingers stretched — almost clawing where they lay -- against the sinews of muscle of her back.

"Yes, but so can young human women," he hissed.

She heard a swishing sound and soon was met with the taste of fabric from his tie being pulled against in her mouth. He'd lifted his knee to hold her down now, as he used both of his hands to fasten the tie behind her head to gag her.

"Listen to me, Martha, and listen well," he added, his tone now unexpectedly matter-of-fact and even again as he tied the knot of fabric. "This is my domain and you *will* obey me. This isn't a game of wills, because if you go up against me in such a match, I assure you, I'll win. I'm a Time Lord. The last one. And you're only traveling at my side because I allow it. "

His words seemed to come from him with such ease that Martha wondered if they'd actually been practiced. How many times had he said them before, just like that, and to how many traveling companions? Did they disobey him so that they could get him to this point on purpose or did they simply bumble and make mistakes like any human is wont to do from time to time? And why had he gagged her anyway? Were her words ill-fitting to the script in his head?

He moved his knee from her, freeing her somewhat, but still standing close behind her. Martha then bit the fabric of the tie, almost yelling and groaning against it, as he began to spank her again, this time with blow after continuous blow, his hands surely leaving red welts on the flesh of her bottom as he marked her and made her his.

And with each blow, her hips pushed more against the lip of the console, the throbbing between her legs slightly assuaged as she rubbed herself there, trying to both hide and satisfy her growing arousal.

She lost track of how many times he'd spanked her in the end, only focusing on how he felt as he finally collapsed against her with what sounded like a contented sigh, and how wonderful the painful throbbing from his angry hands now felt in the aftermath.

He lightly stroked his fingertips along her sides as he lay there, almost cooing with affection as he did, as if worshiping her body. "I only do this for your own good, Martha," he whispered, his voice now gentle, repeating his words from earlier. "I only do this to protect you."

He shifted off her, untying the tie from her as he eased her upward to turn and stand before him. He then shrugged off his jacket and wrapped it delicately around her shoulders, his actions still tender as he seemed to be helping her cover up. "Now, let's get you to bed. You need your rest," he added softly, leading her across the console room and down the corridor toward her bedroom.

When they arrived, she lay on her stomach in her bed, on top of covers that would be *much-too-much* against her bruised skin in that moment. They felt cool against the heat of her flesh though, flesh that while sated in some ways, was still aching in others — *aching for him*.

Martha wondered what he would do next to her after all that, after knowing she was still so very aroused, just as she saw that *he* still was as well in a surreptitious glance between his legs as he stood by her bed.

"Sleep well," he whispered, stroking her hair lightly, before replacing his caress with a small kiss on her head.

"Doctor?"

"Good night, Martha," he replied simply, slowly easing his jacket off her and then running his fingers over her bottom, before quietly making his way out of her room, jacket tucked under his arm and head hung low.

Glancing at the clock by her bed, she saw that she'd waited almost thirty minutes for him to return, missing the scent of him from his jacket, feeling its absence so wholly, feeling *his* absence so wholly. She thought that he might come back, thinking maybe this was another part of his game, but when she realized he wasn't returning, she shifted her body upward a bit to slide a hand between her legs to bring herself off.

It barely took any time at all to reach her orgasm, as she'd been teetering on the edge of climax for some time, but of course, she still wished it had been his hand instead.

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"Why didn't you listen to me?"

"Doctor, there were several people there that needed my help. I couldn't just leave them alone," she growled at him, exasperated, her hands on her hips as they stood just inside the door of the TARDIS.

"I told you that the ceiling was going to collapse soon and that you needed to meet me outside."

"And I'm telling you that I needed to assist those people until the.....alien paramedics arrived."

They were glaring, locked in a seething stalemate before one another with neither of them speaking, neither of them relenting. After a few uncomfortable minutes, though, the Doctor finally broke their tense silence.

"You're breaking our rules again, Martha," he said through clenched teeth, grabbing her roughly by the arm and leading her up the ramp toward the console. "And not minding your duty."

"My duty is to help. I've told you time and time again."

Martha was sure the Doctor was going to bend her over the console as he usually did, to spank her, to punish her, and despite her anger, she felt a twinge of erotic excitement between her legs from the thought. To her surprise, though, he passed right by the console and dragged her out of the room and along the corridor toward the other rooms of the TARDIS instead.

It was strange to her that she'd found herself in this situation again, she mused as she had a moment to calm down a bit and reflect on things as they walked. Over the last few weeks of traveling, ever since that one night with the Kruaul, there had been several situations — on several planets and in several time periods, even — that she'd ended up in a tricky conundrum where she and the Doctor had vehemently gone head to head over her the issue of her medical duties vs. her 'duty to him' and, subsequently, of course, she'd later found herself bent over the console as he'd punished her for such transgressions.

She had to admit that it was all a bit odd, even coincidental, that such situations kept manifesting themselves again and again after months of travel with no such issues. And she had to wonder, really, was this all just a part of some elaborate plan of his? Was he actually trying to force her to disobey him by orchestrating such events when he knew that in most situations she — being so loyal to him — never would? And was he doing this because he liked what was now going on between them and knew no other way to continue in that vein? He *did* seem to really enjoy such scenarios with her, after all, but then, hadn't he said as much on

that drunken night on LENAÏOS?

Martha soon found herself in a mostly vacant room of the TARDIS. She looked around, taking it in, and noticed in the far corner what looked like two shackles hanging from the wall and a wooden bureau and chair nearby. The Doctor led her toward that corner, one hand still gripping her arm — sure to leave bruises, she was getting so many bruises from him these days — and the other pushing her at the small of her back.

She could barely contain the smirk that graced her lips as she thought that this was probably his 'dungeon'. She had been quite certain from his displays over the last few weeks that he was quite a kinky bastard, but this just cinched it. "Is this where you bring all the naughty aliens then?" she asked, unable to keep a bit of flirtatiousness from her tone.

"Sometimes," he replied seriously, stopping them in front of the wall by the shackles. He was still keeping his 'angry persona' up and Martha had to admit that always turned her on that much more. "Arms up," he commanded, letting go of her.

Martha spread her arms into a V-shape above her and shivered a bit as his fingers slid along her arms to reach up and lock her hands into the cuffs. She'd not done much of any sort of bondage before, honestly — well, aside from a boy she'd dated briefly in medical school who tied her to the bed with his robe sash one night for a laugh — but that was only once, as he'd seemed a bit disconcerted that she'd enjoyed it so much.

As her hands settled into her restraints, she was surprised that the cuffs were not as uncomfortable as she imagined they might be, as they were lined with some sort of soft velvet-like fabric. She was sure though, that despite their seeming comfort, standing with her arms aloft for a long period of time was likely going to end up exhausting and uncomfortable. The strange thing was that there was a part of her that looked forward to that.

The Doctor ordered her to not look at him, to only look in front of her, so she focused on the golden walls of the ship before her, awaiting his next move. She could hear his footsteps make their way away from her and wondered what he might be doing. Was he going to abandon her here? Was this some new form of punishment he was enacting on her?

In her peripheral vision, she could see him make his way over to the wooden bureau near them and pull out what looked like a medium-sized box with a handle from one of the drawers. He looked over at her, raising an eyebrow as he caught her gazing at him, and she quickly looked back at the wall, worried she'd only made things worse with her curiosity.

Just as quickly as he'd gone, he'd come up behind her again. "It seems that my punishments have not been teaching you a thing, Martha. Not



only are you disobeying me outside the TARDIS, but here you're disobeying me *inside* it as well."

She heard a click that was likely the box opening and then a swish of metal near her head -- he was using scissors to cut the straps of her vest top and bra. "Hey," she said in protest, "I love this top." He didn't respond, but simply used his free hand to pull at the fabric, pulling it downward to rest at her waist and expose her breasts. Shifting behind her to put the box on the floor, he then began to work the button and zip of her jeans free, and then tugged them down, along with her knickers, to gather at her feet, leaving her mostly naked and exposed — save the fabric of her bra and top still belted at the curve of her hips.

"What are you — ?"

"Stay facing the wall, Martha," he interrupted, yanking off the clothes at her feet, only to start to tie a rope — presumably from the box — around her ankles.

Martha's mind rushed, heart racing, trying desperately to figure out what he might be up to. This was all so new. He'd never taken her clothes off before — even during their first time when she was just in her underwear, he left those on.

Of course, there had been times — most times, really — that she'd wished that he *had* disrobed her and then consequently made love to her, but he'd never really done more than spanking and, while she found that very erotic, it was never quite enough for her. Now finally nude before him, though, contemplating that this might be the night that things finally progress between them sexually, she felt both frightened and exhilarated.

A slap on her bottom brought her attention back to the moment and she curled her fingers around her restraints in pain and joy that he was finally touching her again. "Do you trust me, Martha?" he asked, his tone oddly a bit gentle in contrast to the pain of him hitting her.

"Yes, Doctor."

"With your life?" Another blow, harder this time, the wounds from the last time he spanked her days before smarting again, deliciously. *Yes.*

"Yes, Doctor."

"Then why don't you do as I tell you?" he asked, his voice almost pleading as she felt his hand on her again, slapping against the tender flesh.

"I.....don't know. Mum always said I was stubborn."

"You act as if you like it, *want it*, when I punish you. Do you, Martha? Do you like it?"

She didn't know how to respond. He never dared to ask her anything like that and, honestly, it was not something she ever considered admitting aloud — in fact, she was unsure if she ever could put words to those feelings he was drawing up from inside her. Did he want her to deny her growing pleasure from these little interludes, just as he does? Or did he want her to be honest with him about how he makes her feel?

She frowned wishing that she had some sort of script, some sort of clear idea as to what to say that wouldn't, possibly, stop things in their tracks. These moments always seemed to be skirting the edge of something with him, tiptoeing around his shame, and she was painfully aware that one wrong word, one wrong action, could force things back into the platonic relationship they had before.

"Do you, Martha? *Tell me*," he pleaded, not letting her hide in her silence, in her denial.

He hit her again and she moaned. Oh, it was getting more and more difficult to hide behind dishonesty, she thought. "Yes," she hissed, still reveling in the throbbing pain from the last slap.

The Doctor stroked her bottom softly, his fingers lightly caressing the red welts there, softness against the sting. She imagined him admiring it — his handiwork there, her shape — as he smiled and touched her. "I like it too, Martha. But then, you know that. You've always known. So, I must know, are you playing with me?"

"Playing?"

"Do you disobey me on purpose?"

Martha thought back to when they'd walked to the room, about how she thought he might have been orchestrating these scenarios himself. The fact was, Martha had not disobeyed him on purpose at all. That was the funny thing. It just wasn't *in her* to do so. But maybe he knew that. He knew what made her tick, what made her turn from him and disobey, even when she was always so eager to please him. Perhaps *he* was 'playing' with *her*.

"Never," she replied, honestly, directly.

"Good," he breathed.

Martha heard him shift behind her, no longer touching her, so achingly distant again, and she found herself straining to try to hear what he was doing, her curiosity now piqued. The first thing she was able to make out

was a rustling of fabric and guessed that he might be taking off at least some of his many layers of clothes.

She held her breath in anticipation, feeling herself get even wetter at that. Much like her, he'd never undressed during their play before and she wondered if maybe, just maybe, he might actually be doing something more overtly sexual with her this time — just as she'd hoped.

She then heard what sounded like the click of a plastic cap opening and then the swish of something slick being rubbed against flesh. She pictured him stroking himself behind her, fantasizing about him possibly lubricating himself — preparing himself — for her and tensed a bit over how he might be just about to push himself inside her.

He pressed against her back and she could feel his hardness brushing, pushing, against her inner thighs. "Keep your thighs tightly together," he growled from behind her, but before she could question his meaning, she felt his cock — thick and long and wonderful — slip past the curve of her bottom so that it lay trapped between her thighs, just beneath her sex.

Oh, she loved the deep, shuddering groan from him that accompanied his movement, a groan that sounded so uncharacteristic coming from him, but she had to wonder, rather cheekily, if he'd perhaps missed and meant to penetrate her instead. Maybe he didn't know how humans had sex, after all?

He began to move against her, though, not shifting himself, but instead letting his cock slide against her so that it brushed against her clit and lips just so, giving her a surprising nice friction. The lubrication he'd put on himself was now slathering itself onto her inner thighs and it seemed with each thrust, she was becoming more and more slick from both it and her own wetness.

Fleetinglly she couldn't help but think how unusual it all was — the Doctor taking her in a way no man had ever done so before. Still, despite any reticence she was feeling as they began, she also thought there was something nice about the way his body was pressed against hers as he desperately rutted against her *faster and faster and faster* as she hung, almost helplessly, from the wall.

"Tighter, press them tighter," he whimpered, his hands pressing on her hips as he pulled her toward him, her bottom tilting a bit in the air against him.

She stood on her toes — a bit of a challenge with her ankles tied together — rocking herself back into him as she pressed her thighs as tightly as she could around him, enveloping him with her heat. His cock

was bumping harder and harder against her clit then and, as a result, she felt the telltale signs of her orgasm rising within her. She bit her lip, feeling a swell of exhilaration that she would finally be coming with him, *for him*, and how she might finally mark him for herself with her own wetness all over him. Tit for tat.

In those final blinding moments as her climax started its heated curl through her, she almost couldn't tell who was trembling more — her or the Doctor — but it didn't matter to her any longer when her orgasm finally hit -- hard and intense, just as it was between them — and then, what seemed like just a mere second later, the Doctor's climax hit him as well with a loud shout as he tensed against her, strings of sticky white ejaculate shooting onto the roundels on the wall in front of them.

"That was.....different," Martha commented after she finally caught her breath, feeling strangely casual with him despite her still being shackled to the wall, nude.

"How'd you mean?"

"I just thought when I heard you putting on the lube, we were, you know, going to have sex. I mean, properly and all."

"Martha," he sighed, his tone now matter-of-fact. "I never have sex with my companions."

She glanced down at his seed dripping down the wall before her, and the tip of his cock still visible from between her thighs, and wondered with both amusement and a bit of sadness how many other lies he told himself each day.

Maybe that was *his own* punishment. Maybe that was for *his own* good.